

Issue 1, Summer 2009

Fusion

Livermore Teen Zine



From the Editors

Thank you for reading the first edition of Fusion Teen Zine. We were overwhelmed and gratified by the number of submissions we received, and it was a struggle to narrow down the choices to their current state. It surprised us that Livermore youth could at once be so mature and innocent, sensitive and sincere, or serious and witty. Occasionally, the depth of skill or wisdom in a piece simply staggered us. It was these truly exceptional pieces that ended up being our selections. The finished product as you see it is an amalgamation of styles and perspectives that reflects the inner thoughts of our teen community.

This zine is a first for Livermore. Never before has the library or any other organization in our community ventured to develop a magazine whose sole goal is to showcase the art, poetry, and prose of adolescents. Now local middle and high school students have a chance to be recognized and publicly praised for their creativity.

We hope that you will enjoy this artistic expression and, if you are a teen yourself, that you will submit your work to be considered for the next issue. Unfortunately, two of our founding editors will be leaving for college next year, and we will be searching for new additions to our team. If you're interested in joining, stop by the library and pick up an application.



-The Fusion Staff

Julia Han

Ciana Devate

Grace Jiz

Alex Frazier

Anielle Salter

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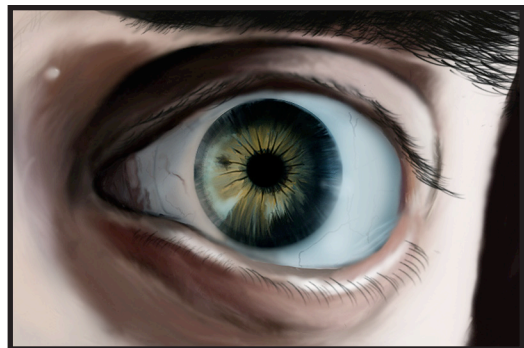
On the cover:

QUALMS OF REALITY

By Jessie Francis



Inside:



9



13

STRAWBERRY JELLY

Jessie Francis



WRITING ABOUT A LACK OF

Kamran Abri

I sit here,
bored,
uninspired,
staring down condescendingly at the blank paper that I command.

I sit here,
bored,
uninspired,
staring down angrily at my pen, from which great things I demand.

So I write,
about the monstrosity that is my uninspirosity,
about the pause that boredom will often cause,
about my not-so-blank paper, the pen having become its shaper.

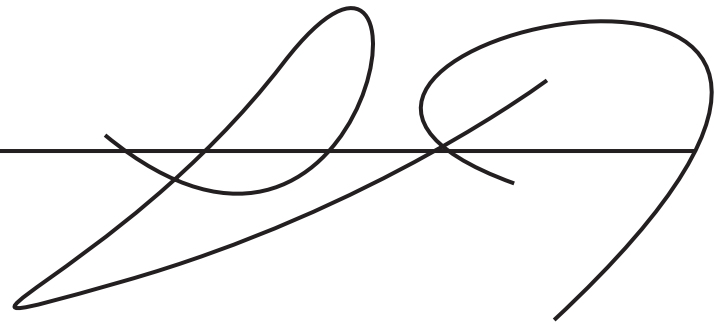
EPITAPH ARTHUR

Kamran Abri

Who's the King of 42nd Street?
The one who's gonna get hit!
He deserves everything.

Walk on your firehouse,
O King of 42nd Street,
you're gonna get hit by six-time users
and a thorn with a man's cape who writes
 Braille in a hundred places and an army of
 lone rangers who wanna make you cry.

Hello there,
O King of 42nd Street.
You're livin' in weathermanplainclothes.



ELMOKING OF THE OZONE

Victoria Damestoy



MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS

Jared Dec

Another Saturday morning
Another toddler glued to the TV

FIVE GUM TREE

Stephanie Reibert

WHEEEEE!

Nicole McCaffrey

Snap goes the wire, and

W h e e e e !

The glinting particles

of

color and light
collide in the beautiful

and terrible
scintillating shower

of

b e a d s

as what was once

my favorite necklace

willingly sets itself

f r e e .



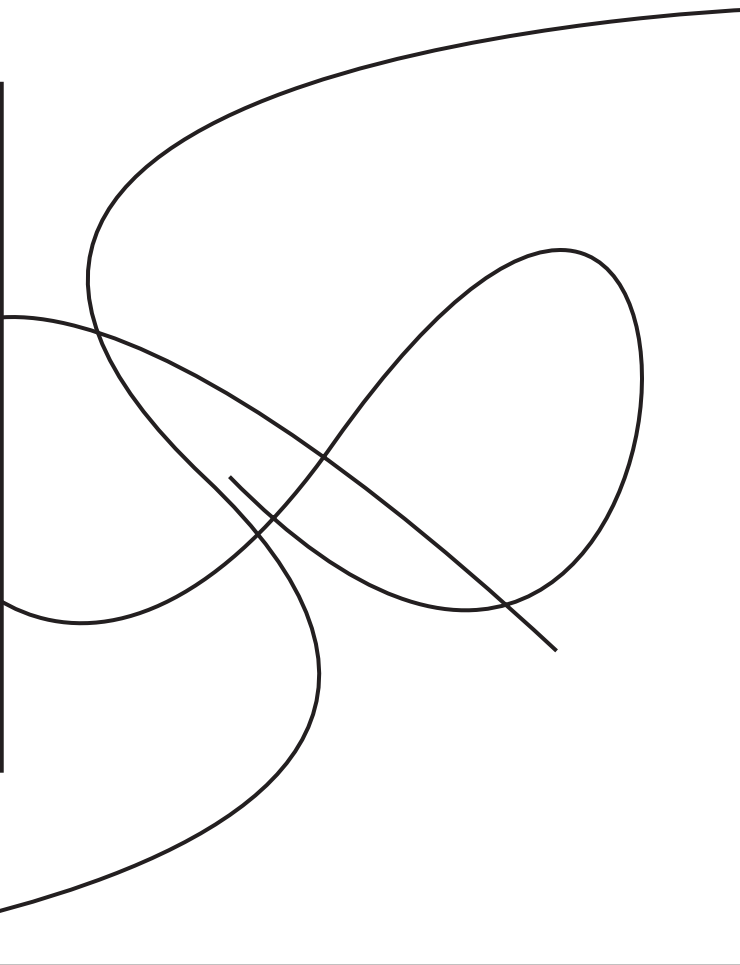
A ROOM WITH A HORRIBLE VIEW

Jason Sison



HIBISCUS

Angela Evans



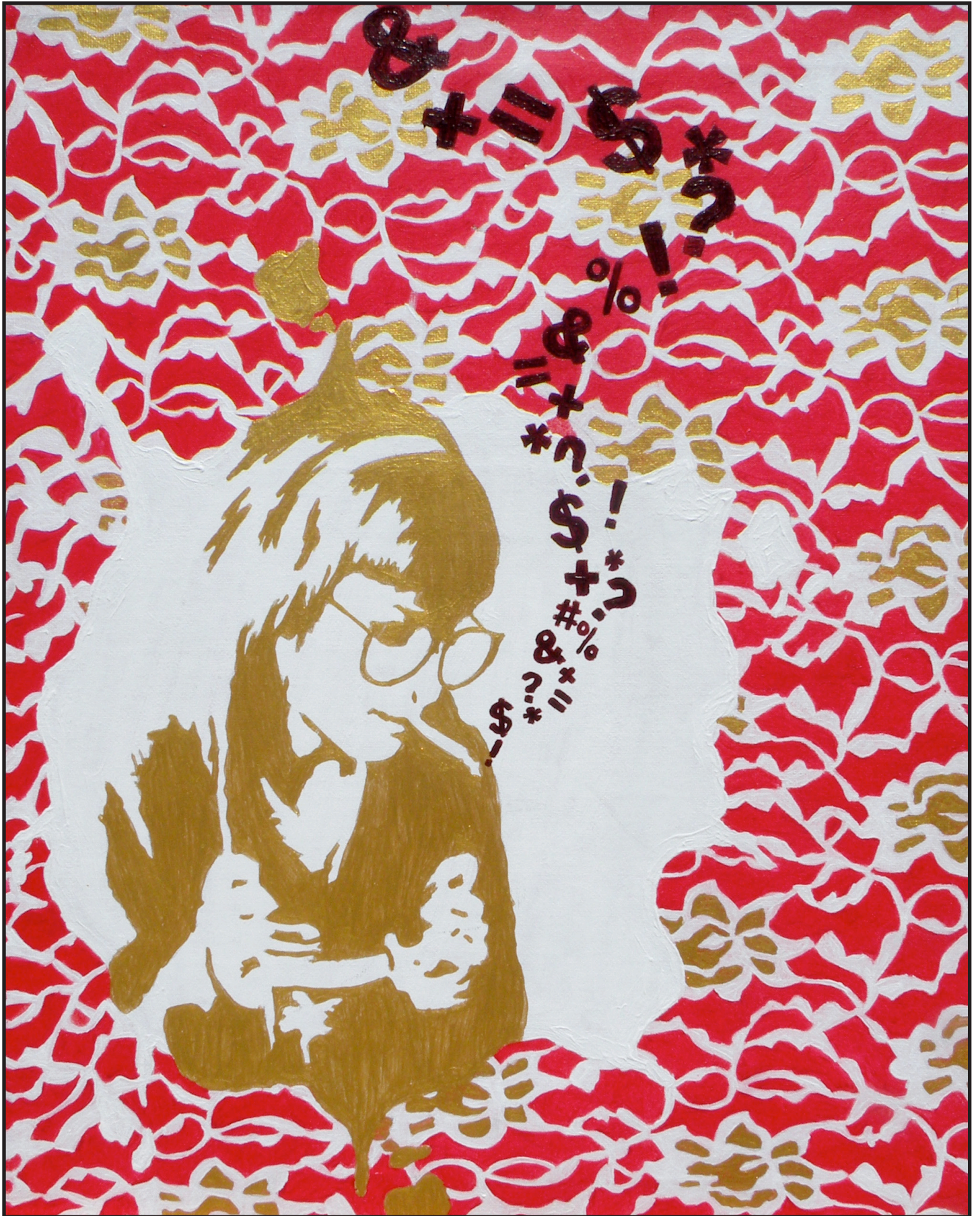
PHEASANTRIES

Matt Burris



KATY

Alexis Marine



DONUT LADIES

Jill Dayton



LOOKS LIKE RAIN

Nicole McCaffrey

The sky begins to darkle.

C l o u d s g a t h e r a n d

t h e a i r b e g i n s

t o s p a r k l e a s

e v e r y t h i n g

f a l l s a s

r a i n

. . .

ANGEL

Cheyenne Taylor



DISTORTION

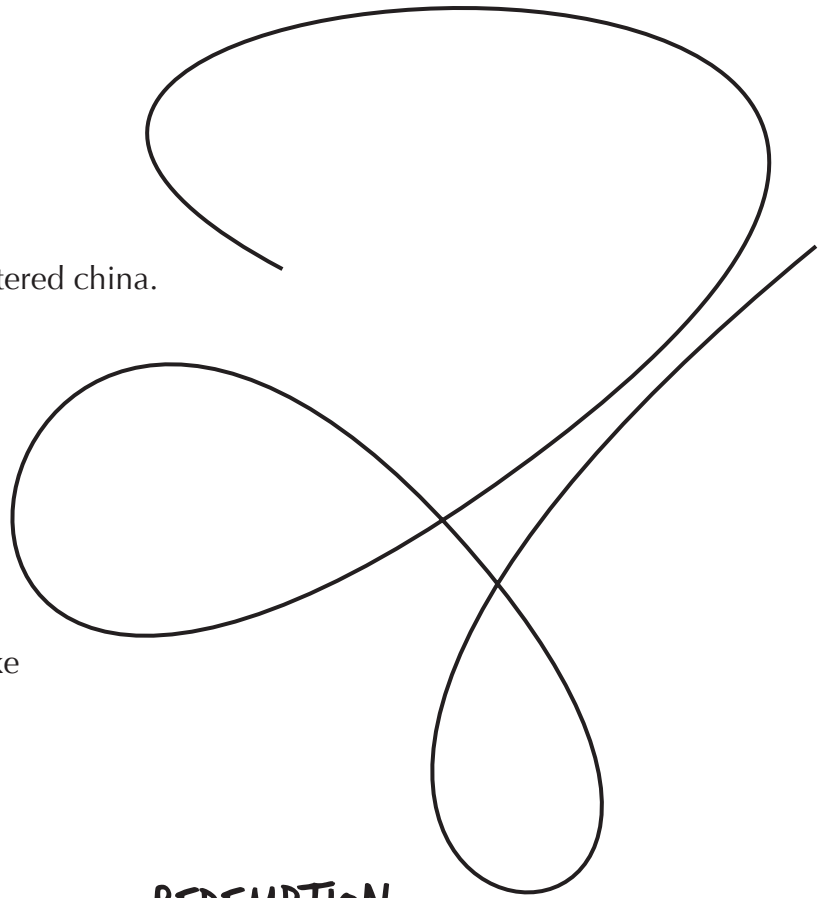
Katy Santis

It went twirling spinning cascading to the floor,
mangled by whorls and arches before gravity could grip its prize--
A broken ballerina sprawled in oblivion, shattered china.
Nimble hands bend to pick up where she left off--

"My elbow caught" (it was nothing)
"I'm sorry" (pick it up)

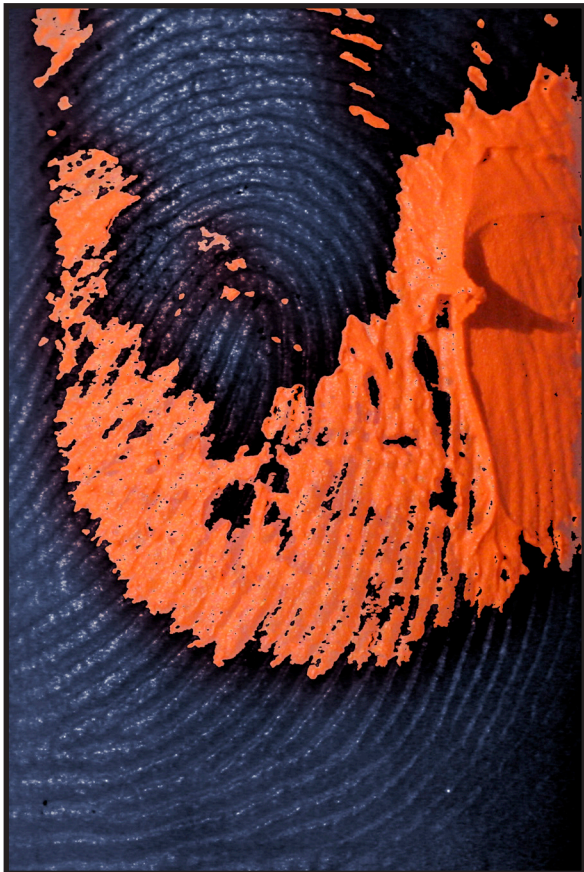
She's off. The shards bob in her wake as she lets the engine turn;
spectral head lights nod off with casual lumps, gullies.
The china just dripped through her fingers, like hourglass sand--

From within her bell jar
the ballerina's on the floor, suspended-- gone.



FINGER PAINT

Paige Miller



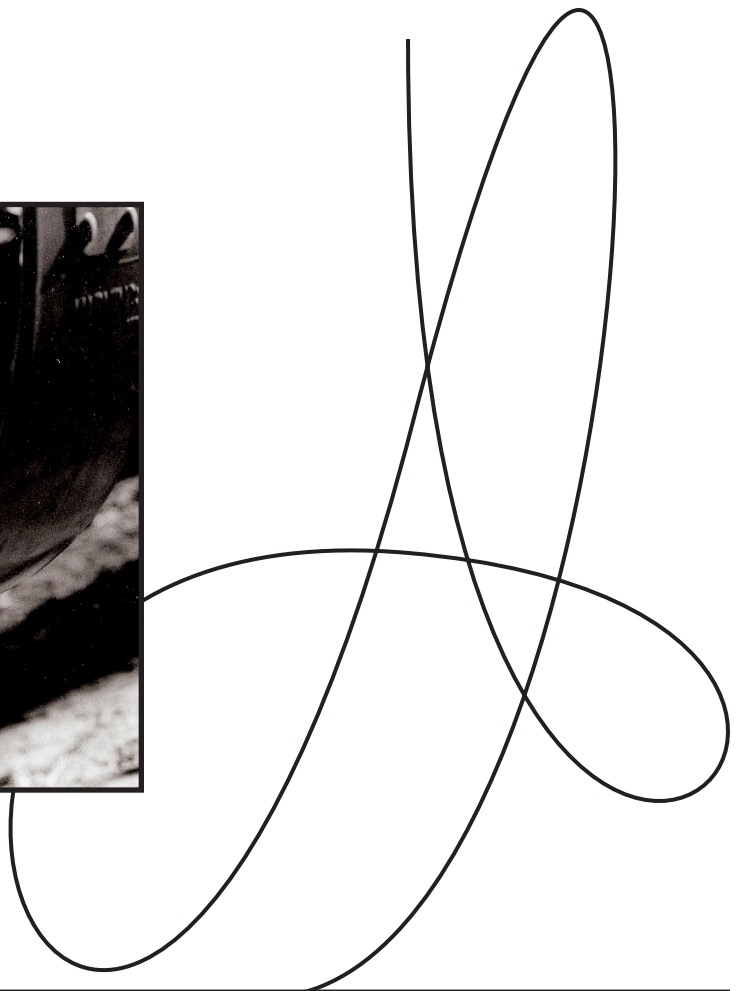
REDEMPTION

Angelo Douglas



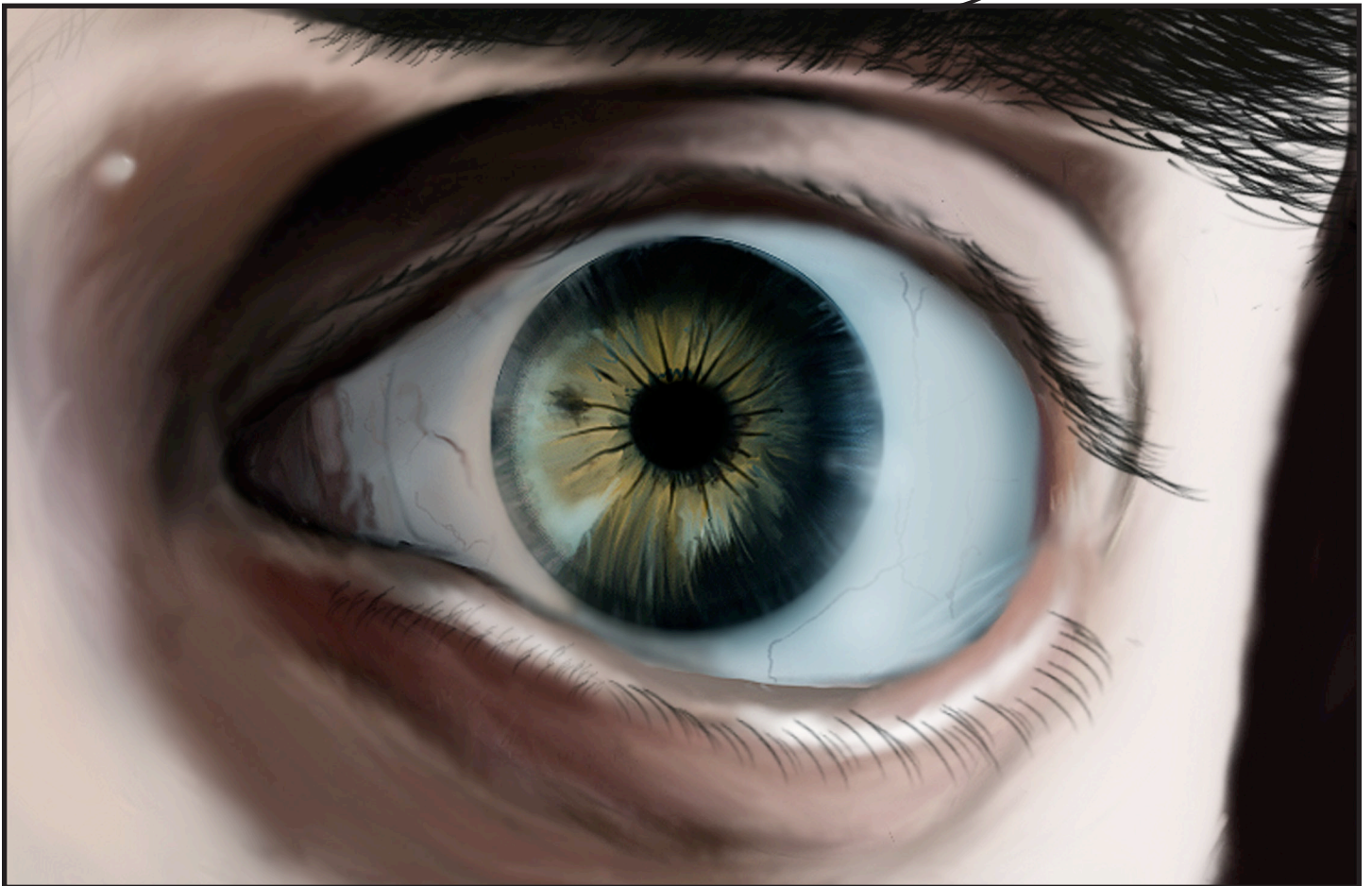
UNTITLED

Jill Dayton



EYE

Clay kerri



SKIN ON SKIN

Katy Sanlis

It's your idea of a tribute to peachy flesh,
coursing with vital nectar, sticky between
hungry fingers, searching lips.

Yet the sun's rays reached me before yours:
I am distracted by a fat and ageless summer
melting through phlegmatic tissues,
molten veins, capsized eyes.

Paralyzed in the humid air, your
electric scent seeps through to my core--
you've found my soul-pit
and you won't
let
me
escape.

UNTITLED

Ajmer Singh

UNTITLED

Jason Cryer



THE ARCH

Monica Joglekar



HARVEST FODDER

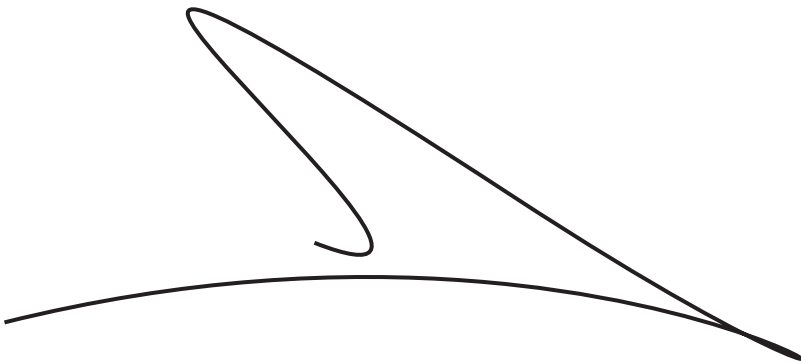
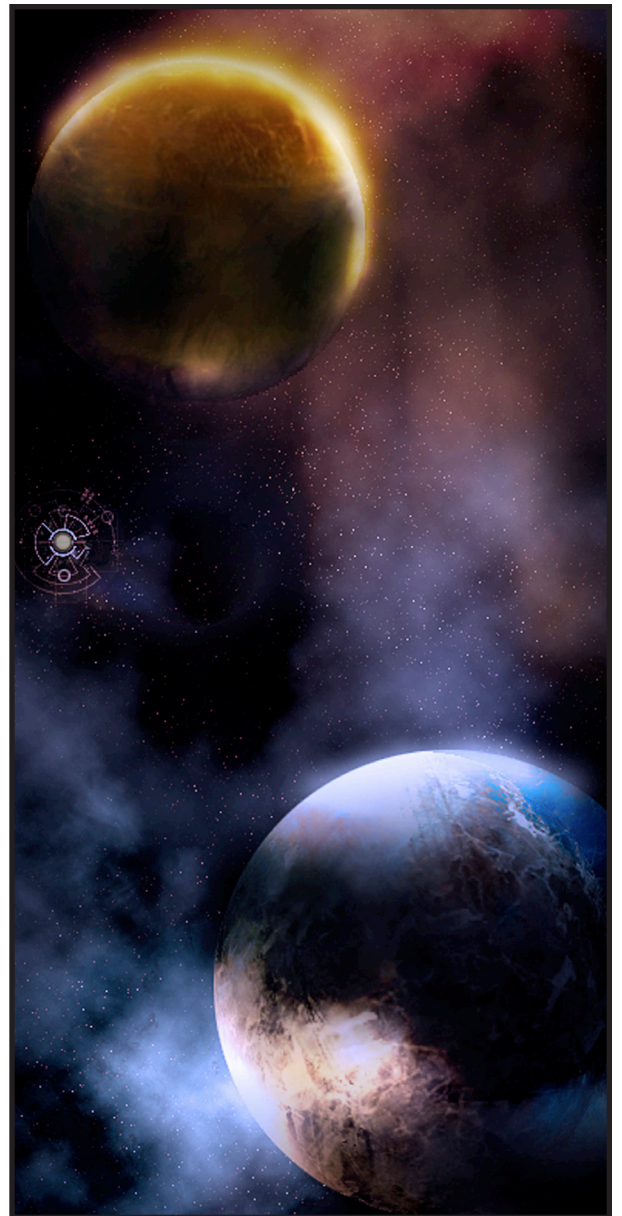
Samantha Kennedy

We bent branches
plucked thousands of unripe apples
We shipped crates of them
bitter tasting and stiff skinned
We didn't get to enjoy them
We piled them in boxes and flew them across oceans
Sent them to save malnourished children
They aided men in tanks and ditches
on hospital beds and in training camps
They were gallant and foolish
Alleviated the widespread suffering
and everyone demanded more unripe apples
Bushels of them, babies even
not in bloom yet, not ready to eat,
Our apples awoke in strange beds
Alone
Shaking with memories of applesauce
pooling on the ground
and their friends roasting slowly in the desert
information was crushed out of them
leaving nothing but pulp and pomace
We looked for their letters in mailboxes
Convinced ourselves they were supposed to feed the
starving masses
The peaches couldn't go
The oranges couldn't go
We were sick with the news of our apples
Reduced to brown cores, festering in fields
We made apple pies with the ones we had left
Sweetened the remaining moments.
The apples came home, molded and rotten
Full of shrapnel and teeth marks
Others had fallen on landmines
and showered the ground with their soupy remains
Our unripe apples were sent home in body bags.



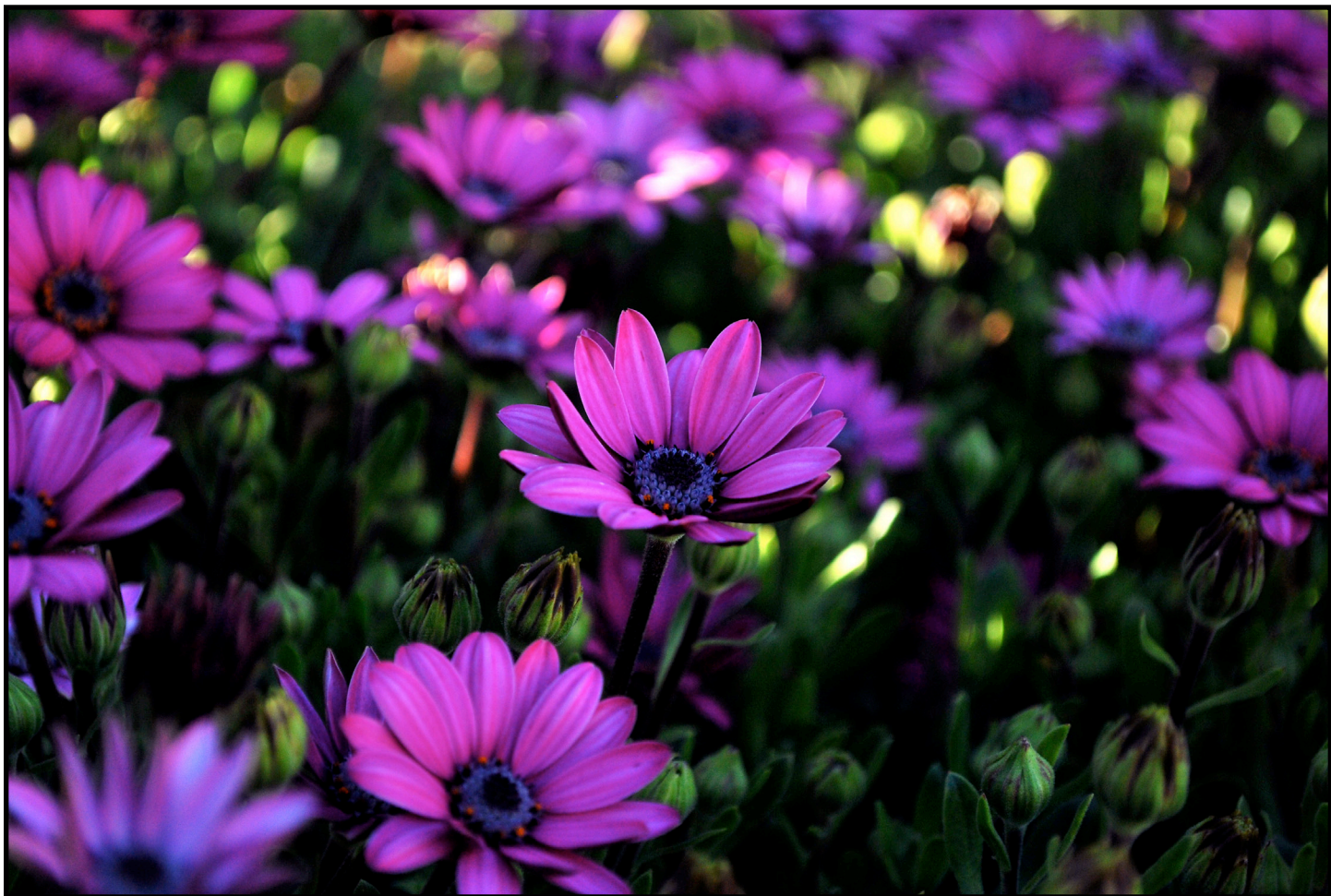
NEW PLANETS

Clay Kerri



SPRING RAPTURE

Matt Burris



SUNBURNS AREN'T FUNBURNS

Emma Jonas

Tame! Tame! Tame!
This burning, burning shell
In a mixed hue of pastel lobster and bleak morning sky.

Curse! Curse! Curse!
The sun has betrayed me
And sizzled me to a sickly peeling, two stale shoulders.

Cure! Cure! Cure!
An aloe vera shield
Will heal (hopefully) upon careful reapplication.

Stop! Stop! Stop!
A slight bit of relief
For the dreary girl merely in search of a bright day?

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG BOY AND HIS SISTER

Jhoana Ronn Aclan



IN LIMBO/LOST AT SEA

Jared Dec

For miles and miles around me
Only empty, polar white

Let the great animator come down
And draw a face for my confusion

Driving down the midnight road
Wondered on a youthful whim
What would happen if I drove off the edge

I slipped on a white lie
I slipped away

And ended up in limbo
Lost at sea

Fell to the bottom
Of peaceful darkness
Of spilled ink
And floated
In the cosmic reverie
But the all sense
Was snatched from me

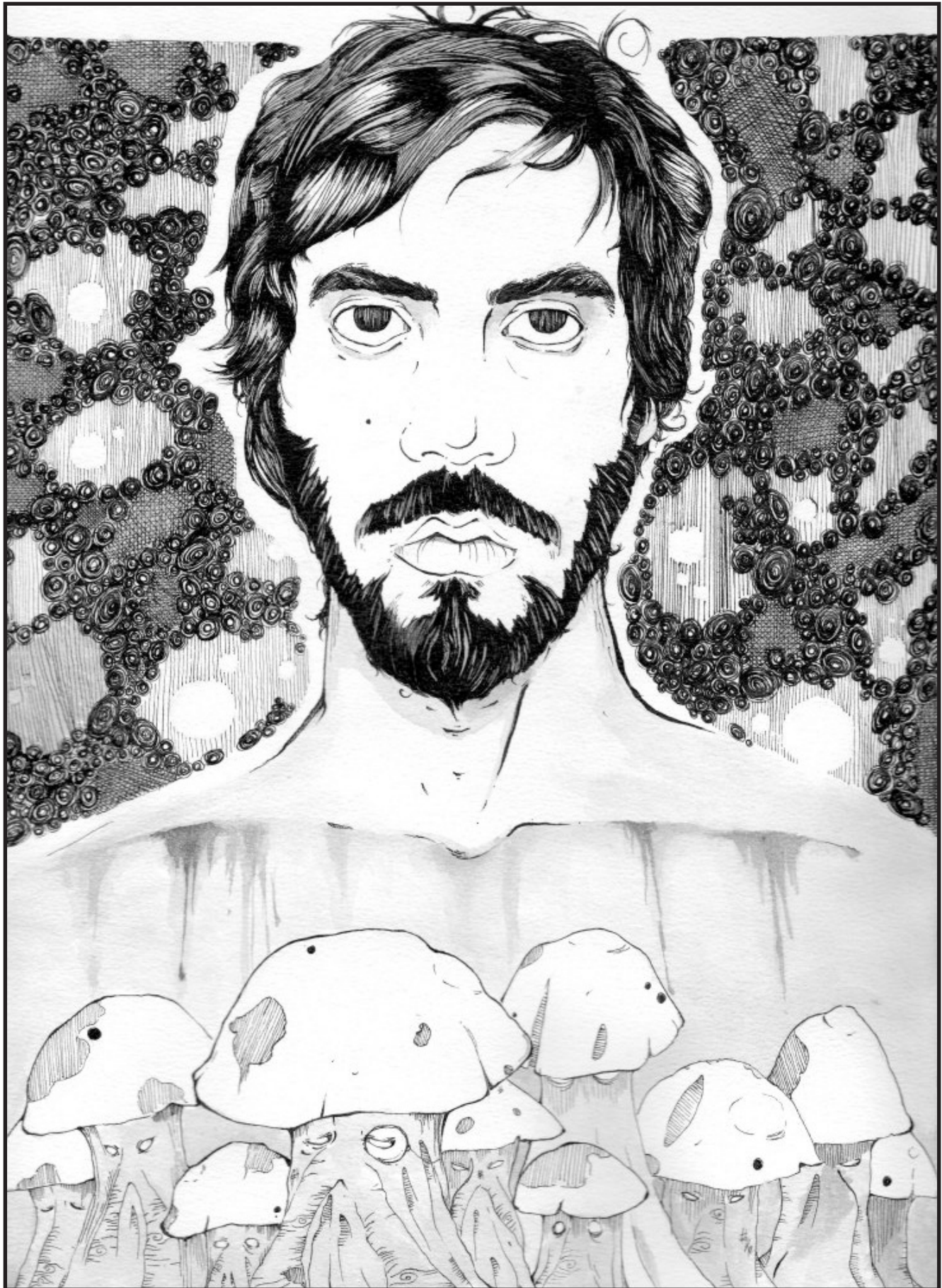
And now I'm in limbo
I'm lost at sea

You were born an island
You die an island
The whole world is spinning inside of you

And you're in limbo
You're lost at sea.

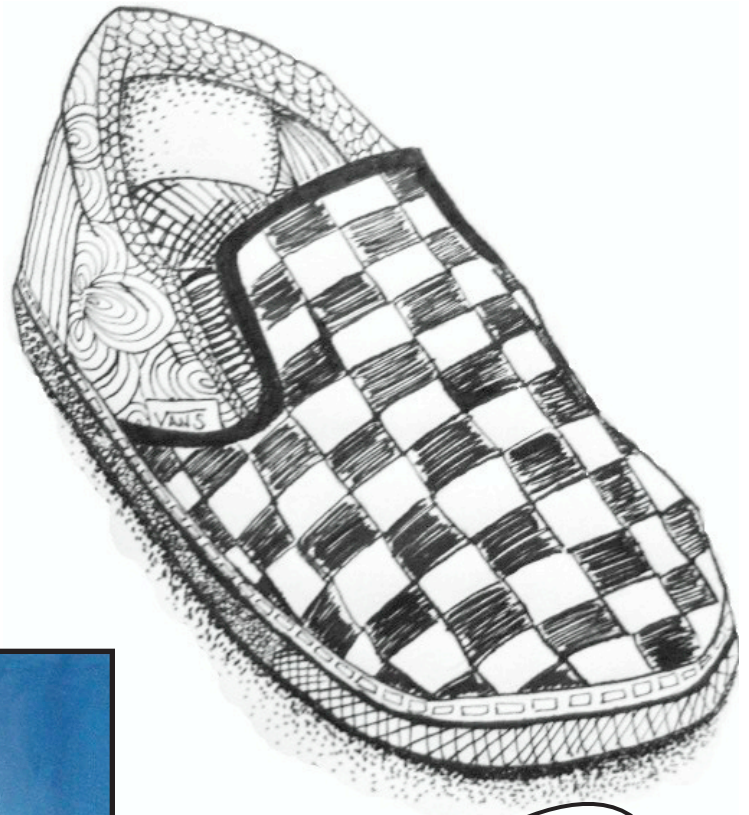
VEGETABLES AND ME

Abdul Deeb



MY FAVORITE SHOE

Olivia Mowry



FRIENDSHIP

Jessica Choi



DARN RACOONS

Abdul Deeb



MY TWO FAVORITE INSTRUMENTS

Angela Evans



NOTE TO SELF

Nicole McCaffrey

Rejoice for the open-hearted
Rejoice for the storms at sea
Rejoice for the wonders of nature
And the mystery that tomorrow will be.

Sing a little, if you will,
of butterflies and salad tossed,
for things aren't always not what they seem
and he who hesitates is not always lost.

JESSE'S EYES

Cheyenne Taylor



BLUE

Jessica Rogers



NEAR UNDEATH

Emma Jonas

Suspended in a drowsy state of mind
Retreating through an active sense of time
My lids swell, irrigated, salty fill
I can't sleep; I have too much time to kill

Two raw dimensions spread before my vew
A flattened world, deflated, I look through
A picture of the things I thought I knew
When night and day were different shades of blue

Two clouds a haze inside my heavy head
They gather vapor, sinking into red
My distance from the ground grows by the mile
Receiver's dropped and I can't reach to dial

I touch the ground but feel no gravity
A slow release is giving way to me
Between two stages: life and death, I flee
A muted call to rest, I cannot plea

(CREEPY HALLWAY

Jason Sison



YEARBOOK

Jill Dayton

Hey what a crazy year
Remember when that
teacher went crazy
Neither do I LOL

We had our ups
and our downs
I hope we can
still be friends

You're much
too popular
There's no
room for
me here

Call me

SERENITY

Angelo Douglas



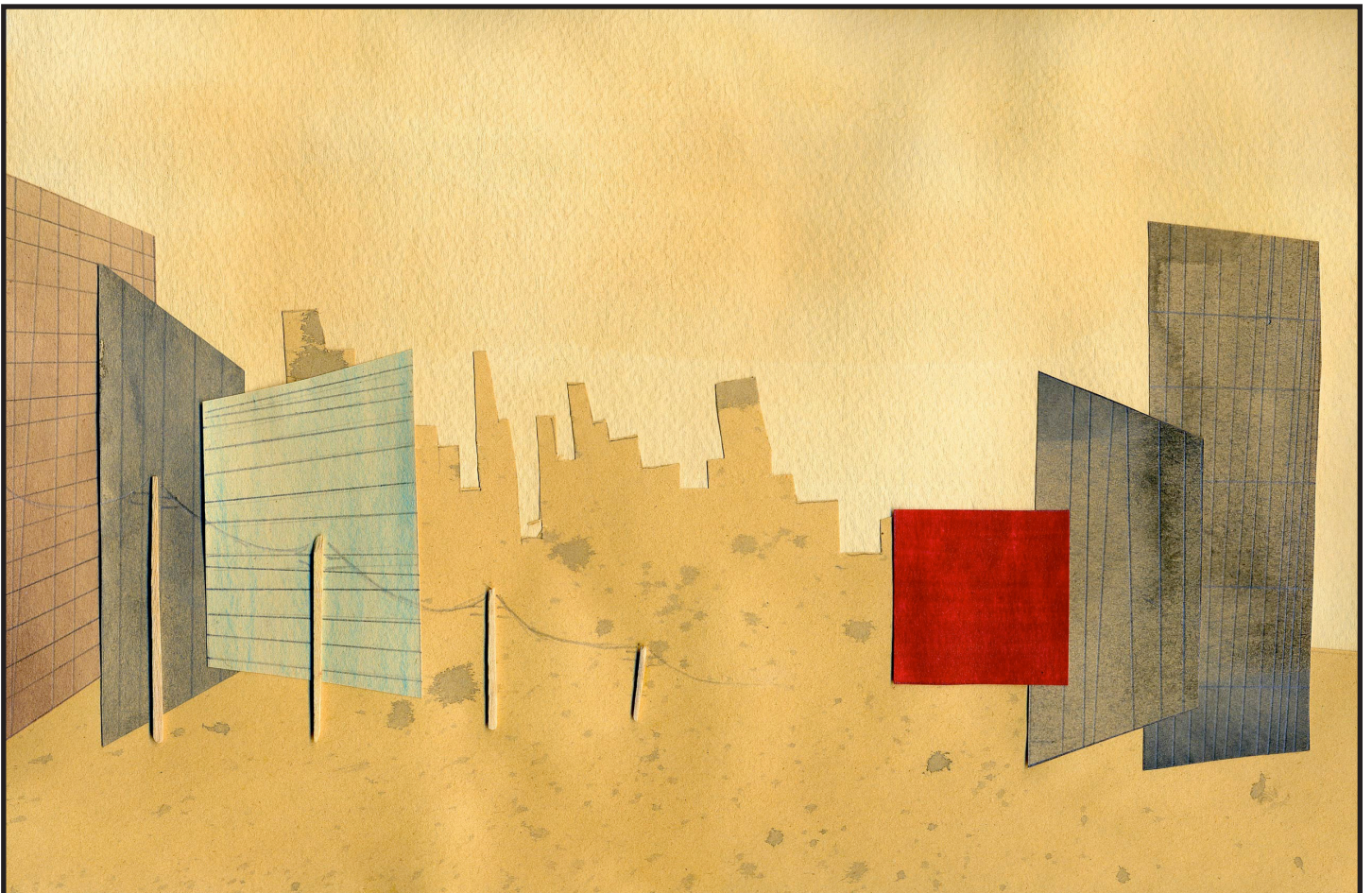
BARN

Clay kerri



UNTITLED

Jason Cryer



MARIE ANTOINETTE

Abdul Deeb



(HOMP

Jill Dayton

Chomp It tastes sweet
and crunchy like the way he says I love you on a crisp winter morning

HUNTER

Stephanie Reibert



Boiz

Cheyenne Taylor





WINTER BREAK IS BORING

Mary Kate Dec

Pathetic merry-go-round of monotony
days roll in and out
time drags along like a 580 traffic jam of
empty, sticky banana slugs
hungry for more than paper and ink placebo pills

Maybe I should turn on some music...

Snappy Latin salsa dance,
heavy on the guitar
(no fries with that)
Poppy 80s party beats--raving electronica dots the
high-pitched vocals
in a colorful dance-ballad duet
Slimy-sweet love ditty
Just the frosting on the cake!

I think my radio is beginning to have a death wish.

My muscles have atrophied
My tongue has withered from lack of use
My brain's turned to mush, but Mommy, the cartoons
aren't to blame

and the cast isn't due off for another six days!
Better get the sterile plastic mauve pan--
I'm about to barf up the hospital's apple juice.

OR DOES IT EXPLODE?

Nicole McCaffrey

The girl with the pink skinny jeans and the wavy, long brown hair checked the time on her cell phone. 3:45. Time to move. She stopped pretending to text, got up off the bus stop bench, and headed toward the corner of 8th and Chestnut. Catching a glimpse of her reflection in a store-front mirror, she grimaced; skinny jeans weren't her thing, but she had to play the part. Dodging the ever-present city traffic, she made it to her destination and checked her phone. 3:48. Right on time. And there he was, the man in the orange jacket, handing out cheap miniature copies of the New Testament to anyone willing to take one. She grabbed one as she passed by, being careful not to make eye contact.

Five minutes and six blocks later the booklet went in a trash can and the dollar bill stuck between pages 78 and 79 went in her pocket. It felt different—heavier—than most dollar bills, but she was too scared to examine it more closely. The sooner she got rid of it the better. 3:54. She sped up.

The guy with the brown Vans and the blue diamond tattooed on his wrist leaned on the wall next to the pay phone, his pulse speeding up as he watched the girl with the pink skinny jeans and the wavy, long brown hair come closer. This was it. She walked up to the pay phone and made a show of checking her pockets for spare change.

"Hey, got change for a dollar?" she asked.

"Sure thing," he answered. He scooped out the change waiting in his back pocket and took the dollar bill from the girl. It seemed different—larger perhaps—than a normal dollar bill, but he wasn't about to examine it more closely. As he walked away he wondered who the girl was going to call. He checked his watch. 4:02. She had been late! His too-big, borrowed brown Vans flapped a little on his feet as he sped up; he had to get to the convenience store on the corner before the girl with the yellow shirt and the silver star earrings got off work.

He got to the store with seconds to spare. Wincing at the new blisters on his feet he grabbed something from the candy aisle on the way to the register. Thankfully, the girl was still there. He tossed the dollar bill onto the counter beside the bag of gummy worms that he found in his hand.

"Just the worms?" the girl asked.

“Uh, yeah,” he nodded weakly.

“Mmmmkay. And out of one dollar? Let’s see...” she started punching buttons on the cash register infuriatingly slowly. “Oops, lemme redo that.” She pressed the buttons again, in a different order this time, her long, fake nails clicking annoyingly with every keystroke.

“Know what?” he asked. “Keep the change—I’m in a hurry.” He left the store, moving as quickly as he dared. Thank God the whole business was finally over. The dollar bill was her problem now. Out of the corner of his eye and through the glass front of the store, he saw the girl slip the bill into her pocket and count out the correct change for the register. A strangled laugh burst from his lips. She probably needn’t have bothered.

The girl with the yellow shirt and the silver star earrings walked straight home to her apartment after work. Once inside, she pulled out the dollar bill and looked at it more closely. She shivered with excitement. At first glance the bill looked genuine, but if you looked closer you could see that all of the little lines were in the wrong places. The girl suspected it was some sort of code, but wasn’t positive. She only knew who she was supposed to give it to next. Pulling on a black hoodie and gathering up some laundry, she headed back out, dollar bill safely in her pocket. It was 4:45.

All too soon, she was at the laundromat on the corner of Sandra and Park. Plopping her bag of laundry down on the counter, she took a deep breath to calm her nerves.

“Hey, anyone got change for a dollar?” she yelled as annoyingly as she could. Her role was to be loud and obnoxious. “I left my freaking quarters at home.”

“Over here.”

“I got some.”

Two voices called out an answer at the same time. She looked around for the voices’ owners and her face paled. Two men stepped forward, both wearing black Converse, tan shorts, a plain red tee shirt and a black hat. Her mind racing, she went through the checklist in her head. Short brown hair, about 6 feet tall, athletic build, watch on left wrist—it was all the same. The only difference between the two men was their eye color—one had brown eyes and the other had blue—which, strangely enough, was not on the checklist.

“Haha, um, how am I supposed to choose,” she asked, her voice wavering slightly. “Maybe I’ll just keep the dollar and buy some skittles. That stuff tastes like rainbows.” There, the first half of the secret code conversation.

“Skittles?” said Blue Eyes incredulously. “Nah, get some Mike and Ikes.”

“The red ones are the best,” interrupted Brown Eyes.

She gasped under her breath, trying to keep the terror from showing in her face. They both knew the correct response.

“Look, just give me the dollar,” said Brown Eyes.

“No, give it to me,” said Blue Eyes, slowly and clearly. He wasn’t smiling any more.

“Um, well...” she whimpered. She was falling out of character, but she didn’t care. All she wanted was to get out of there with her life. One of these men was obviously an imposter who had access to her organization’s plans. Someone must have leaked secret information, but who? Oh God, they knew where she lived, *they knew where she lived!* The dollar slipped out of her numb fingers. A pair of brown eyes and a pair of blue eyes watched it fall. The girl turned and ran out the door, as fast as she could.

Brown Eyes acted first, pushing Blue Eyes out of the way, grabbing the dollar, and running for the door.

“Number Eight to System, we have been compromised, I repeat, compromised. I am taking the necessary actions.” Blue Eyes spoke into his watch while pulling a small black object out of his pocket.

As he left the building, Brown Eyes looked back over his shoulder. His chocolate eyes widened with terror as he saw Blue Eyes kiss a medallion on a chain around his neck and press a button on a small black box. He sped up but it was too late.

An explosion echoed through the city at exactly 5:15. Several blocks away, the girl with the yellow shirt and silver star earrings sank to the street, her sobs echoing the sirens, which were beginning to wail in the distance. Somehow, this was all her fault.



Submission Guidelines

- All submitted pieces must be original.
- Entries from all mediums/categories are welcome.
- Artists must be between the ages of 13 and 18.
- Include a signed release form with submission. If artist is under 18, their parent or legal guardian must also sign.
- Only one release form is necessary for each artist.
- Include contact information if you want your pieces returned. If you do not want to submit your original piece, a good quality copy of your piece may be submitted instead.
- Submissions should be appropriate for publication; please keep violence and profanity to a minimum. The Fusion staff has the right to deny publication of any submission.
- The Fusion staff reserves the right to edit any writing submission, including, but not limited to, grammatical errors and excessive profanity. You will be contacted if the staff deems editing of your work necessary.
- You may submit multiple pieces.
- Please label all submissions with:

Artist Name
Complete address
Telephone Number
Age
School
Title of Piece
Medium/ Category

(If your submission is not completely labeled it may be rejected.)

- The artist retains all rights to submitted pieces.
- Work may be submitted in the following formats:
 - Original piece
 - High-quality digital reproduction
 - High-quality email attachment (signed release form still required)
 - In-text email (signed release form still required)
 - On a disk (CD or floppy)
 - Text submissions should be Word documents or PDF files.
 - Image should be in .jpg, .tiff, or .psd formats
- Submit your work and completed release form to the Livermore Public Library or mail to:
 - Livermore Public Library
 - 1188 South Livermore Avenue
 - Livermore, CA 94550
 - Email: fusionteenzine@gmail.com

If you have any questions please call Sandy Fouts at (925)373-5500, Ext. 5583

Submissions received for publication for a certain issue may be considered for the next issue of Fusion so long as the author/artist still meets the age requirement.

free2 show off

LIVERMORE
CALIFORNIA

LIVERMORE PUBLIC LIBRARY



Release Form

A Release Form must be included with your submission for publication in **Fusion**. Be sure to read and follow the submission guidelines before filling out.

The Livermore Public Library reserves the right to reproduce artwork in any form,

Artist Name _____
Last First

Mailing Address _____
Street Apt. #

City State Zip

Phone # () _____ Date of Birth _____

Email Address _____

School _____

Title and Medium of Submitted Piece(s) _____

I hereby certify that the work submitted to **Fusion** was created by me and is original. I have read and followed the submission rules and guidelines.

Signature of Teen _____ Date _____

This release form must be signed by the parent or legal guardian of participants under the age of 18.

I hereby grant the right to use the participant's name, creative works, and visual images in the Fusion Teen Zine, on our web site, on the Livermore Public Library web site, for documentary or media coverage, and for promotion of other Livermore Public Library programs without recourse.

Signature of Parent/Legal Guardian _____ Date _____

free2 show off

LIVERMORE
CALIFORNIA

LIVERMORE PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Fusion Staff



The Fusion Teen Zine editorial staff (from left to right): Cynthia Jing, Alex Frogner, Julie Herman, Gianna Devoto, and Arielle Sallai.



ROTARIAN
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OF
LIVERMORE

Many thanks to the Rotarian Foundation of Livermore for providing the funding to make this expression of teen creativity and culture possible.



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